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# THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS erring housewife to a full amnesty for many per

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NO PUFFING

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

BY WILLIAM WINTER. Slow stealing through the twilight haze A cloud of slumber droppeth o'er me; I dream to-night of other days, As many a fool has done before me. And from the crowd of phantoms there, One sweet, pale face looks out above me Alas the flower I used to wear! Alas the heart that used to love me!

Your eyes were gray when last we met—
I wonder if they're any grayer!
I used to pray to them, my pet,
But now I'm nothing of a prayer.
Your voice I think was very sweet—
Twould sound to-night a great deal sweeter!
And ah, the hours were very fleet,
Told gently off by Love's repeater.

Your heart was hardly true, my pet— I cannot say that mine was truer; For I, who used to woo, forget Sometimes that e'er I've been a woor. But you forgot your vow, my pet, " Even in the moment when you gave it! So it were idle to regret. The sorry chance that did not save it.

I think I never saw you sad —
They tell me that you still are merry;
With eyes that sparkle, gay and glad,
And lips that have the tint of cherry:
That all your pretty, winning ways,
No arch and wayward, wild and wilful,
Remain as in the golden days—

Except that you are grown more skilful. Fade gentle vision from my sight!
I do not trust - I do not doubt you:
But I am happier far to-night,
My darling little pet, without you!
I warrant me you have no lack
Of lovers now to tease and worry:
So could I call the old days back,
I wouldn't do it in a hurry.

For The New York Saturday Press.! GASTRONOMY.

Gastronomy has not as yet been classed among th Gastronomy has not as yet been classed among the popular sciences. The hungry citizen, who satisfies his cravings on the rudiments of a repart, sees no necessity for a close adherence to its rules. He ests to live. Those who do otherwise, are in his estimation, drones in the hive, and foes to the republic. Plain cooking and ballad-singing are the pet hobbies of an uncultivated taste. To our simple-minded denisens, visitus is only attrable on plain food the Feench virtue is only attainable on plain food, the French kitchen and the Italian opera being looked upon as weak inventions of the enemy. Nevertheless they both flourish. The oldest inhabitant readily remem bers when the mellifluous strains of a Mosart, and the harmonious notes of a Bellini, could only be tolerated through an Anglo-Saxon medium. With the brave and the fair, English opera, alone, was the fashion.

But, in this enlightened age, the imperious dame, who was content of yore to sport the family coach and the steady going pair of roadsters, and who on all occasions gladly availed herself of the services of an humble Biddy, or one of 'God's ebony images,' rould now absolutely die of inanition without n her cuisine, and her salon particulier at the opera.

For our own part, we do not object to a good dinner, properly cooked, and served in the French style, any than we do to hear the brilliant execution of an We feel even now the water rising to the mouth at know of men—learned ones too—who nightly occupy
their accustomed seats at that temple of the Lyric
Art dedicated to Town Meetings and the Italian Muse.

But we do also know of righteous and ghostly-inclined people, who constantly and almost with malice aforethought, doe sinfully and banefully vitiate the good food vouchsafed to us by a beneficent Providence. that in their particular case, that much-dreaded but nal discrimination in the choice of his deputy to preside at their household fires; whilst they, poor have as a novelty, Imak Walton's directions for cooking soils, in the humbleness of their natures, consider all a 'Chub.' We are also enlightened as to the identity

noted for the attention he devoted to his gastronomi-cal duties, that his wife, to whom he had frequently administered reproofs not of the mildest character, in casion interrupted him when about to say grace, by saying, "Hold, Mr. Johnson; do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few moments Literature. 'And small blame to them,' as Paddy says, for would it not try the patience of a saint, especially a hungry one, to sit down after a day of excite-

Why this is so, has doubtless exercised the reason ing faculties of many a suffering housekeeper, who in the main generally sums up with that truly feminine

The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason, and naturally provokes the deduction. Because there are not eight, proving clearly that the Old King was as correct in his logic, as the fool in his astronomy; but the fact of a man's having six bell dinners during the week, presaging the certainty of a good one on Sunday, is not so deducible, even although such an achievement would entitle the

the attention of the suffering class, nor has it es the talent or attention of either author or publisher for from the proline brain of the one, and the iner haustible press of the other, are constantly em works of every me and an economisation composite the internal Bohemians of both serse, or concocked by culinary literati of every nation, which unfortunately for the unlearned and unskilled, are either clothed in dead or foreign languages, or are so impracticably theoretical, or so abstrusely scientifical, as to be of but little

put up in most seductive shape, and bearing the won and Tea, served classically; poetically, and practically Here, said we to ourselves, in turning over its eautifully-printed pages, is just the book for the imes. What a lucky fellow is the author! Nothing could be more apropos. Everybody's attention is aroused on that question. Flesh and blood can stand it no longer. A reform is demanded. Hearthstone Clubs are organized. The women are in arms. We want light. Teach us how to live. And behold, as we spoke, it appeared, solidly bound, gilt-edged, beau-tifully printed, but uncut. Never mind. Putting all other business aside, we knuckled down to the task, commencing hopefully with the motor from Athenicus commencing hopefully with the motor from Athenicus on the titlepage, carefully studying the Preface, and industriously perusing the Table of Contents. Breskfaul. If there is any word in the language which particularly addresses itself to our kindliest sus-

reptibilities, it is that word breakfast. Among the various repusts of the day, that is our speciality. Ah, well do we remember, in days of yore, those breakfasts times brought to a hasty conclusion by stress of busi-ness, at ten at night; when, surrounded by choice cooking; enlivening our repast with sweet music an the best of wines. But those days have passed, tw to feast with the gods; the survivors, gray-headed, but young hearted, separated by distance, still indulge in imagination in those glorious embodiments of the spiritual and the solid, which, always served with taste, and enjoyed with discretion, are ever remem-bered with unmixed pleasure. But stay, we were talk-ing of a book, or rather the Table of Contents.

Charmed with the array of pleasing headings th displayed, we plunged at once, in medias res, and after admiring the classical extracts of the first chapter, and ng over the poetical extracts of the sec paused in solemn contemplation of the practical ex-tracts of the third. Bread being the 'staff of life' nat-urally takes precedence of all things, and of course at once arrested our attention. 'To make yeast' is good, but why take the trouble to boil potatoes for the purone of getting that particular water boiling-bot, to which yeast is afterwards to be added, when it is so much easier and better to use the yeast itself? Being very fond of apposite quotations, let us suggest as a pendant to the above, 'The longest way round is the nearest way home'; which in our opinion is far more suitable than the very obscure, and seemingly senseless notation, after the receipt entitled 'To make sta read fresh,'—'No sooner said than done.'

Still pursuing our researches after the practical, few pages farther and we noticed the following brief concise, and explicit formula for preparing a favorite cake, which we shall take the liberty of tra waffles.' Of course the word 'above' refers to the for going receipt for making 'Sour Milk Griddle Cakes,' to which they bear about as much resemblance as they d

to Johnny Cakes or Pone.

to Johnny Cakes or rone.

Nothing dauxted, however, in our search for the useful, we waded manfully through the old anecdotes, poor jokes, and oft-told tales, so liberally interspersed, until we came to the article on Dinner, the selections for which are neither bad nor novel, but as we were on for which are neuther ban nor novel, but as we were on the lookout for the practical, they received but a pass-ing glance, the article Soup, claiming our direct atten-tion, but, as Sir Charles Coldstream would say, 'Ah! really, there's nothing in it.' Fish, was next in order, now fish is another of our specialities, and we take great pleasure on every occasion in blowing up all there is anything we are particular about it is our fish. We like all kinds of fish if they are good, and we are the recollection of certain scientific spreads impro-vised for us by an ancient and venerable friend, who

Bass, rock or striped is good; Sea Bass is excellent Black Fish is nice when properly baked; Salmon, Trou delectable when fresh; Shad, delicious; and Spanis Mackerel contatic. Now these are not only p Mackerel costatic. Now these are not only practical but practicable fish; they are to be found on every stal in proper season, throughout New York; but our practical and poetical author, entirely ignores them though his chapter on Fish occupies twelve mortal the property of the complex twelve mortal to the complex twelve mortal twelve tw pages; commencing with a Pope, it finishes with a Cardinal, and not a word about a Cod, excepting in its salted form. To be sure there is an excellent receipt taken from the 'Accomplished Cook,' published for 1685, for making a 'Herring Pie,' and then again we have as a novelty, Iznak Walton's directions for cooking of 'the Miller's Thumb,' and the 'River Bull-head,' say nothing of Carp, which is found in Holland, or say nothing of carp, which is bound in notand, or Bream, which cost 4 shillings iterling in 1454, or of Finch the first placatory 'saimal magnetiser' on record, all of which present salient points of interest for our present race of benighted housekeepers.

But. Eureka! we have it at last .- somethin practical, and contemporaneous—a receipt for reasting beef, which for fear of doing our author injustice, w will transfer almost in its entirety—the exclamations however, being our own: 'ROAST REET.—Put the beef into the pan (what

phy to many piously-inclined to the grumbling Boanerges of the grumble blanch oven (to roast?), but do not season it until it is about the particular oven the grumble blanch over the grumbling blanch over the grumblin

it, return it to the oven, and, after this, while it is cooking, baste it frequently (and then toss it out of the window!).

O! Shade of Apicius, and thou, most ghostly father, to whom we are indebted for the introduction of Turkeys, dissolve not yet into thin air, but list whilst we rehearse the modus operand of roasting a turkey:

'After properly (read im) washing the turkey, if it is an old one, partioil it, by laying it in a kettle of cold water, with a little salt in it, and leaving it over in the fire until the water becomes acadding-hod: a young

the fire until the water becomes scalding-hot; a your turkey should not be scalded. (Thank you for the it formation; but we would respectfully suggrest, that the person who indited the above, should be, whenever he makes his appearance in a respectable kitchen.) 'Then pour a little hot water into the pan and set the turkey into the oven' (where in the course of time it may possibly hatch something besides a roast).

bling inquisition, especially when alive it has greatest horror of this temperate fluid? A number of equally luminous directions had

marked for comp

Now Temperance, as a virtue, is a most admirable thing: but regard it in what light you may, a coldthing; but regard it in what light you may, a con-water dinner is a sorry affair; sad as it yet may be, it is infinitely preferable to one moistened only by such stuff as 'French currant-wine,' or accompanied by a 'delicious beverage made from Parsnips.' And it imay also be deemed a debatable point, whether it were better to suffer the 'Thirst of Tantalus,' so vividly de-nicted by this estitute, he condemned to expell his better to suffer the 'Thirst of Tantalua,' so vividly depicted by this critic, or be condemned to guzzle his 'Ginger-pop,' 'Egg-flip,' or 'Raspberry vinegar;' and of 'Drinking Cups,' what does it avail us, their variety or style, if we have a plentiful lack of everything but 'Metheglin,' wherewith to fill them. Really, had we not the well-authenticated imprint of the Brothers Appleton to reassure us, this single chapter would have led us to infer that we were perusing one of those watery effusions of the worthy Brothers Fowler, during the height of the Temperance question.

But enough is as good as a feast,' in this case we think it better, and without positively condemning this book, we are regretfully compelled to say that it lacks originality, novelty, and practical utility, whilst in its classical allusions and extracts it is neither as entertaining as 'Dr. Doran's Table Traits,' or as instructive as 'Soyer's Panthropeon.' Of its poetical de-

lacks originality, whilst in its classical allusions and extracts is as entertaining as 'Dr. Doran's Table Traits,' or as instructive as 'Soyer's Panthropeon.' Of its poetical department we have but little to remark excepting that a 'King's Art of Cooking,' and 'Dr. Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health,' are capable of yielding better excepts than many already quoted. This, however, is a matter of taste.

The amount of this agreeable but flippant who the compiler of this agreeable but flippant. We will be the object of this indispension, in default of which I would suffer estraction. The amount of the compiler of this agreeable but flippant who should be the object of this indispension, in default blonde or brunette, it mattered little. I left a grand latitude for face and figure than the'

ty : nevertheless we have the right, that irrefraga in the new path he has cho

'All books of cookery, all helps of art
Are vain, if, viid of genius, thou wouldst cook.'

EVENINGS WITH THE COUNTESS. lated for The New York Saturday Press, from the French

PAUL PRVAL

## THE FIRST PASSION OF CHARLES HODIES.

hateaubriand, leaning on the friendly arm of the niable Counters, made his way to his usual seat in was placed there solely for him. Other guests there also; almost all of them illustrion

Said the Countess: "It is the turn of M. Nodier tell us a story.'

ord. Chateaubriand, ill as he was, smiled and drev

his naivetes -- so happily studied :- much less still, the istinctive charm of his style. I shall relate, just as it has rested in my memory, the juvenile epopee of his

"Near the middle of the year 1797, I had my fifteen years; I was in the class of rhetoric, and was writing my first work: 'Dissertation on the Usage of the Antenne in Iusects, and on that of the Aure in the

"Yes," replied Nodier. "I have never well undermonth of the procession of the proc

tial, the minus names, jokes.

"And all their passions were reciprocated. In a single week, my culpable and happy companions had carried discord into Besançon. Jules was adored by the Recorderess; Frederic had conquered the heart of his aunt, the police-judge-ess; Armand had incendisrised the conjugal hearth of the conveyancer; Martial had led away from the narrow path his mother's chambermaid. Nothing had resisted them. Amid so bernaid. Nothing had resisted them. Amid so combats there was not a single defeat. All

embryo.

"As for me, those Thursdays, I went home to my mother, who took me walking among the Roman ruins, where I encountered no one to entrap into a passion; I added a few pages to my 'Dissertation on the Antennae,' etc., and returned in the evening with

me most, was to succumb to Martial, the minus habens But his mother's chambermaid had fifty-five years, and

"At length, fifteen days before the vacation, the ex-

"'It just happens that I have very little

make up to a woman; we tell her no matter whit is done!"

"But dare what?' insisted I, ready to weep.
"I swear that the tall Jules knew no more than I!
"Thou art dumb,' replied he, frankly. 'One talks nonemac to them, isn't it so? one amuses them; one makes fun of the professors. . . They see that one has a spirit, . . a "rash," . . a "flame," . . . that one is young, what!
"He rays me a parton line clan on the back.

"He gave me a patronising clap on the back "'It is too soft, to be still innocent at thy age."
It is too soft, to be still innocent at thy age."
said he. "If thou hast no heart to speak, ab! well!
write a latter!"
"This idea struck me, and gave me little courage. I

had great confidence in my pen. I was already search-ing for the amorous début of my epistle, when Jules left me, saying:

"'Arrange thyself! If thou come back after holidays without a passion, nobody will speak to thee.' It was then a passion, or dishonor. No alternative! I grew

"One could hardly be more accom-Well! I found nothing! or rather, all those that I did ing them one of my fiery billetadoux, gave me the chicken-flesh. I was very small of my age. My con-stitution was feeble. I had altogether the air of a child: My mother, of a placid and easy character, did not inform herself of the cause of my melancholy When she talked of me to Madame Bouhours, her in eparable, she was wont to say :
" 'If it were, as of old, I should have made an Abb

of my Charles . . . it was very convenient for fami

"That exasperated me.
"My passion! Nothing save my passion occuld exait me, in the eyes even of my mother!
"Bushenes came four times a-week t on could exalt me, in the eyes even times a week to the house. The three other days my mother went to hers. She was the wife of the chief notary of Besan-con, My mother and she passed six or seven hours daily face to face, exchanging rare and quiet words in the drawling accent of the country. Every day they said pretty much the same things, and at the same

were ugly or handsome. She had no age for me. She was Madame Bouhours: an article of furniture I was

"If I must paint her, she was a woman of full bust amply draped in black. She kept at our house, in amply draped in black. She kept at our house, in a drawer, a mob-cap, which she put on in place of her coif, on entering. She brought her knitting in an immense bag of flowered chints, hung on her arm by long green cords. When she was installed, she passed the cords over the knob of her chair, at the back, so that the bag hung out of her sight. This is of the greatest importance to my story. This was the origin of my hopes; the point of departure of my happiness; the came of all my misfortunes.

"M"me Bouhours did not caress me, but she always addressed me with some debonnaire remark, and said, yawning:

"One day, the previous year, when we were caught

"This is the way it happened.

"One of the last days of the vacation, about fou o'clock, my mother said to M'me Bouhours:

"Clémentine, hand me the scissors."

This name had a singular effect on me. The astor

eithout seeing it?
"I laid down my Linnsens. My ears were burning.

"Clémentine! Then I came down stairs four time, and I had the skill to slip the letter into the

forbidding mien, capable of taking very badly letters such as that in his wife's bag.

"He had a twitch in his jaw. His face passed before have that twitch at the moment of catching me by

ore crippled than Jules, and Jules is not afraid of th

"For that matter, M. Bouhours would not se

otary.
"At that instant you yawned, Cléme seeing your handsome mouth, I felt I can't tell what sort of a gentle languor!

"After yawning, M'me Bouhours ran one of ber

knitting needles through the signal for a new co edles through her hair. This was always ne, so she said : Did I tell you that my brothers Antoine and Loui

will be here next Thursday?"
"'It appears so," replied my mother; 'for I knew

"A trembling seized me. I saw streaks of light fle across my eyes. Why had my mother not told me that, since she knew it? Imprudent woman, who was going to be the cause of her only son's death in the wer of his age!
"She knew it! She knew that Antoine and Lou

"Louis! A gigantic farmer of Burgundy! Antoine captain of cavalry.

"And think not that she was affected by this—my nother! She knitted, she yawned, she diverted her-

self as usual!

without delicacy!
"I saw that I could not count on my n save myself all alone. I undertook it. I glided be

hind M'me Bouhours, whom I had already been calling my Clémentine, and I tried to slip my hand into

" What art doing there, Charlie?" asked she, in he drawling voice, the accents of which now struck horror to my soul.

"I beheld the enormous fists of the rustic, clenched

at the ends of his hairy arms; I heard the clang of the Captain's sabre. And the face of the notary, Bouhours, with his twitch, made me the most horrible and san-

this abominable family! Here a malicious smile half opened the graceful, alost feminine, lips of Chateaubriand. Balme shool

." Mon Dicu!" resumed Charles Nodier, with humility; "I confess myself in all candor. I give you

my reflections as they were.

"It is your handkerchief that was on the floor, said I to Madam Bouhours.

"One says Madame, and one bows," added my

"I had a sense of sickness at the stomach. For two ours I kept skirmishing round the fatal bag. I practised ruses that would have done honor to an American savage. But Chactas would never have been delivered if Madame Bouhours had held him by the cords of her

What's the matter with thee Charlie?" asked she, at length; ! art thou crazy ?

"'It appears so,' replied my mother, severely, stop-ng her work to look at me.
"I do not know how I looked. My mother said, Go to thy chamber, and see if we are there."

"I smothered a cry of anguish, and mounted the stairs, leaving my condemnation in the deadly bag. I

bid farewell, in tears, to the different objects in my chamber. I wrote a letter to the tall Jules, in which I accused him bitterly of my tragic fate.
"'Thou shalt behold my phantom in thy sleepless
nights,' I wrote; 'a voice will rise ceaseless from my

tomb, etc., etc. I have the letter yet. I made my will.
When I came down stairs, I asked my mother, 'Did she take her bag?"

"What does he may?" demanded my father.
"It appears the boy is out of his head," replied my nother. "Go to bed, sir."

"I went without supper, but without regret. The to the fate that awaited me

"The beginning of my night was terrible. But God prompted a consoling reflection. The chintz bag was so vast. The things that fell to its bottom were like ed up. Perhaps my letter might remain engulfed till the death of M'me Bouhours, of her husband, of the cultivator, and of the cavalry officer. Make the most of them, they were only four. I fell asleep, and saw

The next morning I had forgotten everything "Children are thus.
"But, as I got out of bed, came a smart rap at my

ctively I fell into a cold sweat in!' I cried in terror; 'I am in my shirt!' "If it was the officer with his sabre, I hoped he would respect my modesty, and I looked desperately for a hiding-place. The door opened; he had only heard the 'Come in!' It was a little errand-boy of

'It goes well, M. Charles?' said he. 'Not badly, and you . . . and all at your house?"

"Gently, thank you . . . here's a letter from the
mistress "I came on purpose to bring it to you."

'To me!' cried I, terrified. "The boy put the letter on the table, and retired 'It was not the handwriting of the notary! " My Clémentine answered me. Jules had good rea

my: 'The women can't resist us.
'My Clementine said to me:

This sex is really brasen. I was stupefied, and even somewhat embarrassed with my good fortune. I was not prepared to show everybody in Beaucon that I had a mistress. I wished that Clémentine wore other

"But I could not retreat. I dressed elaborately; "But I could not retreat. I dressed elaborately; I polished my shoes; I cleaned my buttons with tripoli, and put all the rest of my pommade in my hair. I was a gay lark, that was clear. I slipped out of the house, and assumed an impertinent air, as I crossed people in the street. Don't think it was a mystification. My mistress awaited me at the gate. She wore an entirely new dress, kid shoes, and a very small slik reticule. I could not mistake; love had inspired this tollette.

"My Charles," said she, as I stood blushing and half-frightened at her side; "thou lovest me, then?" "It appears so," answered I, like my good mother,

" Embrace me, then, continued she.

"I approached my chees.
"Not that way, my Charles.
"Bhe resur

"My Charles, do you know what love is?"
"Dam!" exclaimed I.
"Up to this point I was absolutely wanting in ardon

She took my arm, and we walked out of the city. It was early; we met no one we knew. Ah! if only we

tine. My good fortune seemed to me decidedly intol

rable.

"Eh! well! my Charles, said she tenderly hands."

'thou dost not press my hands.'
"'But yes,' I replied.
"'Hast thou no remorse, my (

"Hast thou no remorse, my Charles, to have enticed me from the path of duty?"
"This idea flattered my vanity. 'O! come now!' cried I, 'leave those prejudices behind!"
"I am very willing, my Charles... but wilt thou

" Parbleu! I answered, intrepidly "I had not thought of this Bouhours for some time.

I beheld his ugly mug and his twitch. However, I responded impudently, 'So much the worse for him!"

"Louis is severe,' pursued my passion.

"I am a man! what, the devil!" murmured I, in a

oice which begun slightly to tremble.

"Antoine is a terrible fellow when he is angry. "It is impossible to tell you of what size appeared to me, at this moment, the fists of the rustic; of what

terrific length the sword of the captain. I felt a burnng desire. It was, to get away. " Well! said my Clémentine, 'dost thou hes

" For example!' answered I; 'three men! behold great affair!"
"'Then you feel capable of defending me—me, a fee

ble woman-against all my tyrants!' cried she, with a sudden fervor. " Never let it disturb you, whispered I faintly

"We were in the midst of the fields. She cast a lance around her, then cried :

ne, let me clasp thee to my he "I appreciated at this instant the conduct of Joseph toward Madame Potiphar. I would have given the whole MS, of my 'Dissertation on the use of the Antennæ in Insects,' etc., to escape the caress of my

"But this feeble woman I had sworn to protect, seiz 

It was my Clémentine, who was admi

"Ah! ah! poor Nodier!" cried Chateaubriand, aughing heartily. Everybody followed the example of the illustriou author of 'The Martyrs,' except Balzac, who was oc-cupied, perhaps, in packing this historiette among the

tuture chapters of his 'Comédie humaine.'

"She might have struck less hard,' resumed Charles
Nodier, smilling good-humoradly at the general hilarity.

"When she had finished, she replaced me gently on
my feet, and said, very kindly: 'My husband and my
heethers as many head. brothers are much stronger than I. My Charles, you are not capable of defending me. By and-bye I shall come to see your mother; I will leave my hag; try to dlp me a note into it, to tell me if your

invocation to the earth to swallow me. Upon its re-fusal, I returned to town. I thought everybody knew where my wounds were, and was laughing at me. As I entered the house, the cook cried: 'M'me Bouldhas just left. She desired her compliments to you.

" Did she see my mother?" "They laughed, both of them; I have not seen tha "My resolution was taken. My mother was in her

oom knitting.
"'My father's pistols,' I demanded of her, 'are they still in the wardrobe?

they still in the wardrobe?

"It appears so, answered she; 'shut the door; I am afraid of the draught."

"I shut the door, and opened the wardrobe. My mother still knit quietly. I seised the pistols; two curious engines, that the Beampoon museum had often asked for. I loaded them before my mother, who continued knitting. Said I, to her: 'I am dishonored!'-

" It appears that that will arrive if you do not change,' she replied. " That will not arrive; I am going

knitting, but she said very affection knitting, but she said very affectionately:

"Charles, do not commit such a silly act."

"You are a woman! cried I, 'you do not understand what dishonor is to a man!"... I pronounced a short discourse on this subject, which my mother heard without yawning. When I had done, I brandished the pistols, and strode to the stair, well-convinced that she would rush after me, or cling to my person.

"I mounted at first quite rapidly, then more slowly,

"The higher I ascended the more slender was my hope,
"At the last step I would have returned for a mere

call. Can there be such unnatural mothers?

"I was going to be compelled to blow out mybrains, because notody would tear these cursed pistols out of my hands!

"Nothing but my savage desire to hear could have made this distant, feeble call perceptible.

"At one bound I leaped down the stairs.
"You called the, mother?"

"It appears so," she replied severely; 'I just this moment told you I was atraid of a draught of air, and you have again forgotten to shut the door.

"This was too much! I clapped both pistols to my head, and pulled the triggers; but there were no flints in the head.

"My good mother took me on her knee, and soothe me, half dead with fear as I was.

" 'It appears,' said she, ' that I would not have let thee go up-stairs with really dangerou

"I remember that she added, as she resumed her knitting,
""When thou art old enough, Charles, never address thy gallantries except larger than their shoes.

- Mr. Henry Giles will reside in Quincy, Mass., th Summer, and will for some weeks supply the pulpit of the Unitarian Church of that town.

- The friends of Mr. George Peabody, is have made a contribution for the purpose of procurs a full length portrait of him. The painter and po T. Buchanan Reed, has been employed to proceed

NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1860.

consult his favorite Soyer, who, in speaking of boiled Turkeys, says in his peculiar style, 'I often reflect to myself, Why should this innocent and well-brought-up-bird have its remains condemned to this watery bub-

ent, but having already devoted quite marked for comment, but having already devoted quite
as much space to this compilation as it deserves, we
must e'en let them pass; but we cannot dismiss it entirely without referring en passant, to one other chapter—that on Drinks.

our punctuation, as being most applicable to him, in

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

barrassed air of a child that is questioned of a sudden. I shall not attempt the impossible, I shall not try to reproduce the exquisite joviality of the old story-teller,

He began thus

et ses sept chateaux?"
"Yes," replied Nodier. "I have never well under

always be a milksop, then I'
"Truly, I had a fear of it. That ,which cha

hing thing of it was, that it n

objected I.

"'What doet thou mean by "no matter what?"'
"'The first thing at hand. That can't be taught."
It is only necessary to dare."
"'But dare what?' insisted I, ready to weep.

have therefore been compelled (hard task for a critic), to judge of the work by its merits, uninfluenced by ty; nevertheless we have the right, that irretragatore privilege of a Yankee, to guess at his identity; we therefore unhesitatingly assert that if his name be not Scissors, it ought be——Shears, to whom we are much indebted for many of the most brilliant lucubrations of the present day. But whoever he may be, we kindly suggest to him, a careful reading of the last two lines of his outstate for Athenams with

ed to see in the same place.

It is assonishing how M'me Bouhours and my mother squandered yawns together. Evidently it was their way of diverting themselves.

"M'me Bouhours was a head taller than I.

"I know her manly step at the stair-foot. She wore shoes, well polished, with soles an inch thick.

"It was of M'me Bouhours that I became enamored in despair of a better, and in the terror I had of pre-

hment it caused me, may be summed up thus :

### The Saturday Press Book-List. For the week ending May 5, 1860.

New Boris. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his punged SADRDAY PRESS does most wisely by merely menmely type, is a very valuable notice .- HARPER's

# NEW BOOKS.

### AMERICAN. RELIGIOUS.

in Theory of David, or, The Rob-illon of Prince Absolute. Being an linearistics of the spinular, Prover, and Dominiso of the Reign of the Stephard, Poet Warroy, King, and Prophet, Ancester and Type of Josus. In a series of letters addressed by an Assyriation of the Stephard Stephard Stephard, and Stephard St

BIOGRAPHICAL A Memorial of Ansen G. Phelpe, ir. By b with a sermon on the occasion of his ser-fley George I. Prenties, 1919 1 void 1 trait 75 cents. New York C. Serchier

HISTORICAL Carries Lee Major General, Second in Command in Army of the Revolution. By George H. Moore the New York H. storical Society. Read before the country of county June 22, 1858. See. pp. 116. New York S

Now York Services, which are Settlement, 1796, to 1807, with motivation of Try from its Settlement, 1796, to 1807, with motivation of Settlement, State Print of Bartiers and Sacrifices of Individual Characters. Worked At the request of several gentlement of Tray, by John Woodwidson of the Printed Settlement of Tray, by John Woodwidson of Advanced Advan

NOVELS. the lattlepage Manuscripts. A Tale of the Colony Bt J beaumore Cooper. Illustrated from Frawings, by F O Colors, 12mc. pp. 501 \$1.50. New York W. A. Townsend

B. the Percy of L. Esperance By Margaret Field, 12mb, pp. 17 New York D. Appleton & Co. reids. By the author of The Lampighter, and Mabel Vaugh-Lvol 16mo \$1. Beston Ticknor & Fields

MISCELLANEOUS. there on Natural History its Belations to Intellect, Taste Wealth, and Boigion. By F. A. Chadbourne, Professor of Natural Total History in Williams College, and Professor of Natural His-tory and Chemistry in Bowdom College. 12mc pp. 160 centre. New York A. S. Barnes & Burn.

cents. New York: A. S. Barnes & Born.

Mich Gows and Bury Farming. Comprising the Breeds. Breeds
up, and Management, in Beath and Brease, of Burry and cine
Stock, the selection of Mich Gows, with a full explanation of Guenon's Method, the Cature of Forage Fants, and the profit-tion of Mik, Butter, and Chesse. embedding the advanced improvements, as with a Treation upon the bury Hashade and Holland to which is added, Horsfall's System of Tany Manager neat. By Charles I. Fint, Secretary of the Massachusette State Bard of Agraedure, author of Treation if trasses and Forage Plants, etc. Leberally Historiated Time pp. 4.0 (France Bard, etc. Leberally Historiated Time pp. 4.0 (France Bard and Prage Pants. A Practical Treation of

to the American Frugal Bousewife Dedicated to those who are not aslauned of Economy By Mrs. Child, author of Hobomok, The Mothers' Back, etc. Thirty, third edition, enlarged and corrected by the author. 12mo. pp. 130 New York S. S. & W.

Wood:
ctt Book in Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges con-taining an outline of the Science, with an abstract of its History-By J. 7. Champlin, D.D. President of Waterville College, 12mo. pp. 240 Bosto, Presby, Sichols & Co.

### ENGLISH. RELIGIOUS.

n. M. Wilkinson. "A London Chapman and Hall. Christian Bavivals, their Hastory and Natural History. By Join Chapman, M.D., Member of the Boyal College of Physicians, author of Chicordorn and other Amendateds: their Hastory, and Use during Childburth. Reprinted from the Wastminster Revew 18. London Geo. Manwaring.

A Dictionary of the Biblic, committee. The Revival in Its Physical, Psychical, and Relig W. M. Wilkinson. 7s. London. Chapman ar

A Dictionary of the lithle, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, and Natural History. By Varcous writers. Edited by William Smith, Li. D., Chasical Kanniner in the Chievestly of London, and Interestly of London, and Interestly, Mythology, and Geography. Vol. 1. Medium 80: 42. London. John Burray.

BIOGRAPHICAL. Lord Dundonaid's Autobiography. Vol. 1. (To be completed in 2 volumes.) 14s. London: R. Bentley.

HISTORICAL. History of the Creation and the Patriarchs; or, Pentateuc Analytically Treated. Vol. 1. The Book of Genesis. Sec.

POETRY ndred Sonnets. By Martin F. Tupper, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. of Proverbial Philosophy, Ballada, Lyrica, Tales, etc., 6d, London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

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The Cambridge University Calcidar for the Year 1880, to the Present Time. is, id. Landon Bell & Daldy Looking at Life or, Thoughts and Things. By George Augustum Sala, author of A Journey Due North, Gastight and Daylight Reprinted from Household Words. Svo. Ss. London: Bout ledge Fleete and Navice. By Capt. Charles Hamley, R. M. Originally published in Blackwood's Magazine. 6s. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

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BIOGRAPHICAL. ich Schiller, with an Examination of his lyle, author of French Revolution, etc. 12mo \$1. New York Sheldou's Co. HISTORICAL.

or History of England. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart, auticion of Scotland, Emeire, the Peacemaker, etc., etc., 1 vol. 75 cents. New York: Sheldon & Co. POETRY.

y's Poetical Works. The Poetiani Works of Robert Southey a Memoir by Henry T. Tuckerman, Esq. Uniform with British Poets. Portrait 10 vois. 16mo. Ci th, \$7 50 on Little, Brown & Co. MISCELLANEOUS

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# BOOKS IN PRESS.

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WALKER, WISE & CO., BOSTON. Discussion of the Trunty Comprising Dr. Hodge's Ex-Article Rev. 2. Clarke's Article in the Monthly and in the Article in the Monthly Filter, 7. 8. King Two Semions: A Sermon by Dr. and the Communications of E. A. to the Register. In

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"Napoleon has ordered a statue of Joan of Arc-to be erected on the right bank of the River Oise, oppo-site the old bridge of Compiègne, the identical spot, where the heroine was captured by the English on the 23d of May, 1830. It will be modelled after the pop-

### NEW PUBLICATIONS seived at the Office of The Saturday Press For the week ending Saturday, May 5, 1860. mays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. A New edition. 12mo.

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the American Frugal Housewife. Dedicated to those who are not admined of Economy. By Mrs. Child, author of Hobsmok, The Mothers Book, etc. Thirty-third edition, enlargest and correct-ed by the author. 12mo. pp. 130. New York. S. S. A. W. Wood. 1860.

Wood. 1800.

In White Hills. their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry. B. Thomas Starr King. With saxy illustrations, engraved by Andrew. From Irawayngs by Wheelock. 4to. pp. 403. Boston Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1800.

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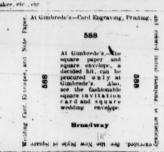
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— The new and elegant edition of Walt Whitman's poems, now in the press of Messrs. Thayer & Eldrilge, Boston, will not be published until next week on account of some delay in finishing the steel portrait of the author which is to accompany the volume.

# The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR NEW YORK, MAY 5, 1

If there is any one thing in this world more wearisome than another,—and we are strongly inclined to think there isn't,—it is a woman's story about human life and human love. Buch a story is 'The Mill on the Floss.' We have read it,—not without appreciation in deed, and not without interest,—but with inexpressible weariness of spirit. It is essentially wanting in the dignity of power and in the charm of novelty. It is the old tale over again, told thousands of times already, and only varied in the telling; that the course of true love never did run smooth; that this is a very cold and stormy world to get through with; that some sitive persons are in a bad way most of their time; should there is an oppressive narrowness in common life that there is an oppressive narrowness in common life obtuseness of the writer. THE MILL ON THE PLOSSA sitive persons are in a bad way most of their time; that there is an oppressive narrowness in common life which rebukes the ideal everywhere and crushes spiritual aspiration in a remorseless manner; that most people in the world are hard-hearted and selfish brutes; that virtue is its own reward; that (see Pope) all the honor consists in acting well your part in the drama of life; that (see Longfellow) it is sublime to suffer and be strong; that martyrdom is an exceedingly good thing to do; and finally that those persons only are entitled to a crown, and likely to get it, who have in the first place taken kindly to the cross.

A résume of these refreshing truths indicates ver A resume of these refreshing truths indicates very justly the moral character and purpose of this novel. It is a story of common people and domestic life, on English soil and in recent years. Its principal characters are the Dodsons and the Tullivers, country families descended of decent ancestry in 'the praiseworthy past of Pitt and high prices;' living a sordid, pressic life; controlled by conventional notions and habits; life: controlled by conventional notions and naotic; exercised by all the usual joys and sorrows of mortali-ty; and affected by all possible vicissitudes of worldly fortune. Its plot is no more complicated than is the web of any human existence. Its incidents are the simple, natural incidents of everyday life. Its pathor is the pathor of poverty, of wasted affection, of hope deferred. And throughout its pages there is every who

the blood-red lustre and warmth of earnest humanity.

The vital interest of this story attaches itself to the respective characters and fortunes of Tom and Maggie Tulliver. On the whole Maggie is much more interesting than Tom. They are the children of Mr. Tulliesting than Tom. They are the children of Mr. Tulliver, miller, and Mrs. Beasy Tulliver, his wife—a lady of the clan Dolson. The uncles and aunts are, by the marriage of the Dodson sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Glegg, Mr. and Mrs. Pullet, and Mrs. and Mrs. Deane,—all wealthy and vulgar people: Also, by the marriage of Mr. Tulliver's sister, Mr. and Mrs. Moss. — poor persons in humble condition and agricultural pursuits. Mr. Tulliver's location is the Dorlcote Mill, in the town of St. Ogg's, where, near by, 'the broadening Flow hur-St. Ogg's, where, near by, 'the broadening Flow hur-ries on between its green banks to the sea.' Hence the

There are seven divisions of this povel. Book the

First relates to the early life of Tom and Maggie, at home : to their parents, their aunts and uncles : their childish joys and sorrows : their cakes, patchwork rabbits, and fish-lines; to those uncovered jars that families always keep and occasionally exhibit; to the fertility of Mrs. Moss, the mother of eight children; to the harmony of Mrs. Tulliver and Mrs. Pullet, who always liked the same patterns; to the connubial always liked the same patterns; to the connulsal truculence of Mrs. Glegg, and her copy of Baxter's 'Saints' Everlasting Rest'; and finally, to the fact that, after much exercise of the family council, it was decided by Mr. Tulliver to put Tom to school with the Rev. Mr. Stelling. Book the Second comprises an account of Tom's school-life; of his difficulties with Euclid and the irregular verbs; of his delight in Mr. Poulter's broadsword, and Mr. Poulter's delight in gin; of his fellow-pupil, Philip Wakem, son of lawye Wakem, the foe of the elder Tulliver; of Maggie visits, and the child-love of Maggie and Philip, the germ of tragedy and sorrow in their lives; of the aver-sion of Philip and Tom, incipient and dangerous; and at last, of Mr. Tulliver's ruin, through a law-suit won by Wakem. Book the Third details the consequences of this misfortune to the family of Mr. Tulliver; how that gentleman had a fit and sank into a stupor ; how that gentleman had a fit and sank into a stupor; how Mrs. Tulliver mourned over her linen and her silver teapot, saying it wasn't her fault, and that she had told her husband, 'times and times, Whatever you do, don't go to law'; how there was a family council do, don't go to law'; how there was a family council and a quarrel among the women; how Tom made his Uncle Deane get him a place of business; how Mrs. Tulliver somewhat superfluously made a fool of herself, and Mr. Wakem bought Dorlcote Mill at auction; how Mr. Tulliver came to his senses presently, and was badgered by his help-meet; how Wakem, to humiliate his victim, offered to hire Mr. Tulliver to work the Mill be had so long corned; how the taunts of his wife forced. Ladgered by his help-meet; how wakem, to humiliate badgered by his help-meet; how wakem, to humiliate his victim, offered to hire Mr. Tulliver to work the Mil Nahsan, No. 647 Broadway, New York, you will find the best Victim, offered to hire Mr. Tulliver to work the Mil his victim, offered to hire Mr. Tulliver to work the Mil he had so long owned; how the Launta of his wife forces and Laguers, the best Havana Cuars.—in fine, the best of everything, gf Malecule Priors.

It is a support to the badgered by his help-meet; how wakem, to humiliate his victim, offered to hire Mr. Tulliver to work the Mil his victim, offe his camity against Wakem in the family Bible, and sign there a promise to revenge his father's wrongs. Book the Fourth is entitled, 'The Valley of Hamiliation, and is a picture of the subsequent life of the family—a life of drudgery for the payment of debta Book the Fifth records the love of Maggie and Philip Tom's discovery of their attachment, and his conse-quent anger and severity; the triumph of industry and the payment of debts; the personal chastisement ver; and lastly, the sudden death of the latter amiable but irraacible person. Book the Sixth is chiefly occu-pied with the loves of Maggie and Maggie's cousin, Lucy Deane, with Mr. Philip Wakem and Mr. Stephen Guest. In this dangerous territory, the fascinations of Maggie tell with considerable force all round: abo the young men into a state of mind. An interview is described between the youthful Wakem and his enter taining papa, in which the beloved sire gets the worst of it as to Maggie. Meantime the prosperous but tlinty-hearted Tom assures his sister that she must give him up if she marries Philip. At this epoch, that gentle young lady wavers between Philip and Stephen, strong inclination for the latter. Then happen atic adventure on the Floss, in which Stephen with a strong inclination for the latter. carries off Maggie in a boat and offers to marry her Maggie don't see it. They are finally picked up by a Dutch vessel, and after some days ahe reaches her home again. Meantime the gossips have been busy with her reputation. She is cast off by her brother Tom. There is a letter of exoneration from Stephen, and a letter of love and confidence from Philip, Also there is a tender interview between Lucy and Maggie, in the course of which both of them shed bring tear Maggie tugs her boat, to the rescue of her brother at Doricote Mill. It is the hour of their reconciliation

> zo down into the darkness. Perhans we sin against our readers in offering then analyse for themselves; bit will be seen that this story of. 'The Mill on the Flow.' is a love story of the accepted and customary kind. Hence, notwithstand-ing its ceaseless humor, its fine characterization, its peculiar but graceful style, it is a wearisome thing. The loves of young persons are not very inte-except to themselves. Their jealousies and q their kisses and tears, their lockets and ribb their times and tresses,—all probably, have peculiar ch to the emaptured participants. But the dispassi-observer is cold to charms. He perceives that p who are in love verge steadily toward idiocy and

—and of their death. A floating mass sweeps over their boat; and, twined in each other's arms, forgiving everything in a true and holy love, brother and sister

\* The Mill on the Flow. By George Hies, author of : Heanes of Cherical Life, and 'Adam Hede.' New York : Harper & Brothers.

take themselves to raving. He does not melt to print-ed rapture, nor is he much shaken with haart-throtis. In fact it seems in him that the emotion of the samp men and maidens, though very sweet, are not such an-ly important or interesting to encourage him through a

The New York Seerday Prem. DEEP.

obtuseness of the writer.

obtnesses of the writer.

A strong, vigorous author, is not obscure—at any rate not habitually so; never leaves his reader in doubt; or compels him to mount the lever and help to raise his burden; but clutches it in his mighty grasp and hurls it into the air, so that it is not only unremembered by the soil that gave it-birth, but is wholly detached, and relieved, and set off, against the clear blue of his imagination. His thought is not like a rock propped up but still sod-bound; but is like a rock beld aloft, or built into a buttress, with letinite shape and outline.

Ignorant people think an author deep when he is hard to understand; and shallow, when he is clear and perspicuous; but you may act it down as a pretty general truth, that when an author is hard to understand (premising, of course, that you possess sufficient common sense, and sufficient knowledge of the subject common sense, and summent anowienge or the subject the treats upon, to understand and appreciate intelli-gent writing thereon), he is either miring and is un-certain of his footing, or else is plucking his thought before it is ripe and has clearly emerged from his consciousness into his intellect; from a feeling of his heart to a formula of his head. If you attempt to make a baby, three months old, before its bones have hardened and its muscles grasped them firmly and come to know their use and function, stand and walk, you will greatly miscalculate and may deform it for-

Our thoughts have their periods of infancy, of youth, of puberty, and of maturity; and the growth from one to the other is as regular and as marked as that of the child. In a great book we find thought in each of these states; here, mere hints and seeds; there, bold-er suggestions and ideas partially outlined; next, thoughts that stimulate and excite the mind, making it fruitful of feeling, and itching all over, as if buds were about to sprout from every convolution of the brain, still leaving the impression of incompleteness and partial development; then full, round, deep-breathing, far-reaching principles, that bear regal sway over the mind and over the world. I can show you books

But to return, for this is a digression. Thinking hits one's mind with so many ideas and apposite diverting similes, that it flies about like a billiard-ball, and it is a difficult matter sometimes, to settle it fair into the pocket of any one argument, or statement of facts.

I was going to say, that a thought that is dim and

shadowy to us to-day, is generally so by reason of its green larva state; by-and-bye it will mature, and become palpable: the grub will put on golden wings and soar away into the upper air. But again: when an author is clear and perspicuous,

nd his meaning as obvious as the course of a river you are safe in believing he has mastered his subject you are sare in one energing no mas mastered in subject; the channel of his thought is thoroughly worn; his mind has broken through, formed the connection, or bridged over the chasm desired; and henceforth the way is smooth and plain.

I care not how profound an author professes to be, if he is unable to make plain the price, figure, and color of his thought; I care not how deep he bores if his auger sticks fast. What shall we think of a Pearl Diver, if he cannot bring his pearls to the surface; or of the fisherman, who is unable to haul his net to the

If a man thinks clearly he must of necessity write clear; the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection; if he really sees the game, his bul-let will lodge somewhere in the neighborhood of it; but if he fires at random into the air, it will be shee chance if the game falls at his feet.

A great master will express the inexpressible; that is, give you a profound sense of its inexpressibleness. There is no deeper author than Shakspeare, yet none more perspicuous; no thought was so stubborn he could not ferret it out; he brought his materials from all the four corners of the universe; from its highest heights, and lowest depths; but arranged them on one plane, and traversed them by one law. And why should it not be so? Why should one

parity of reasoning, do you suppose there is a thought that is really a thought, one which hinges on two poles, or presupposes two itleas, so far removed from one common, open day life, that it cannot be expressed and made intelligible? If it is not intelligible, it is not a thought; it may be a hybrid, a half-thought, but does not go full circle. The condition of thought is detachment and limitation, and therefore intelligi-

If a man will use pure English, he must be clear and definite. There is no language so nearly related to the open day as this. Everywhere is outline, proportion; but nothing is pinched or cramped, for the infinite heavens embosom all. Hence I say, that such author as Tennyson, Carlyle, and Emerson, are the most lucid as Tennyaon, Carlyle, and Emerson, are the most lucid and transparent of authors, notwithstanding Noodle-dom thinks otherwise. In no other modern books do I find such salient points as in theirs. They possess such force of character, and sinewy grasp of intellect! They would condense bluing from the atmosphere, if it could be brought under the action of their mighty will-power. Their language is not of the torpedo, but of the rifle-bullet sort, that always makes a palpable mark, and reaches the heart of the marter. There are shadows in them, to be sure: lighter and darker places: so there is wherever there is sun-light; there could be no vision without it.

The German Philosophers? Well, I read them, or rather study them, and feel that we are under great obligations to them; believe that they added a new element, and gave a new impulse to the world's ideas, and that modern literature is the result of much that obscure, more pointed, and less ambitious. I tell you, we are not to forge this earth into arrows to shoot into the heavens, but are to forge the heavens into arrows to shoot into the earth!

The only reasons I can montion here why they are obscure, are two: First, they attempted too much; and sought too often for the how, instead of the why, of things;—the difference between which is this: the latter is ascending or descending on the ladder of Induction, from one fact, or law, to another; the former is climbing the ladder into the air, and pulling it up after you!—a feat, which, by the judicious use of stage-tricks, the dull-sighted have often believed was real. Steondily: They attempted to explain thought. real. Secondly: They attempted to explain thought by thought: to make the intellect interpret the intellect; and so divorced the world without, from the world within; whereas they can only be understood and interpreted when united. Earth and aky have no the head, without rest

meaning or explanation, only when seen together drawn. A little more of this kind of excellence would

meaning or explanation, only when seen together:
one is the counterpart of the other; the earth imprisons and gives the character to the sky; the sky liberates and brings out the character of the earth.

The abolate is get at only throughout the conditioned; the idea of Irmite, page is attainable only
through its spoots, the geometrical figures by which
space is limited. The visible is everywhere the articuinterest invisible; the finite is articulated infinite. A
thing to be spoken must be detached and bounded;
so that the Ideal, the unconditioned, to be made
coognizable to the intellect as thought, and not
feeling, must be imprisoned and held by their opposite, the real, the conditioned. Every man is a part
of the Infinite Spirit of the universe, a part of the Infinite Spirit of the universe, a part of
be imprisoned and held by their opgoite, the real, the conditioned. Every man is a part
of the Infinite Spirit of the universe, a part of
the Infinite Spirit of the universe, a part of
the limited is get attained to the intellect as thought, and not
feeling; or, in other words, just the moment he is
the condition of the intellect as thought, and not
feeling; or, in other words, just the moment he is
the condition of the intellect as thought, and not
feeling; or, in other words, just the moment he is
the condition of the intellect as thought, and not
feeling into any particular type of
the limited.

The year doubtion of this kind of excellence would
the appear the about is agreadly improve Boughts a greatly improve B

Have you read Andrew Brown's Philosophy of Physics? Then sit well lodged in your big armchair when you do, and have an attendant near to make meameric passes betimes, and reassure you that chaos and dis-order have not again come upon the earth!

Most readers would undoubtedly call this a deep book, and lament their want of intelligence to com-prehend so intelligent an author. I would as soon la-ment my inability to see diamonds in charcoal! Well, it is deep in one sense, and it always reminds me of a certain waterfall that Bayard Taylor mentions having seen somewhere in Northern Europe, which made such a

prodigious leap nown a precipice, that it never reaches the ground, but was shivered into spray and disap-peared in the air.

Brown professes to give you a duplicate of the orig-inal plan by which God created the Universe, and his mind makes such a plunge in the abyss, that his thoughts never reach any definite or tangible ground, to a to flow on in a regular channel again, but are lost so as to flow on in a regular channel again, but are lost in hyperbole and black night.

On a second thought I retract; he is not deep at all, mind and over the world. I can show you books
where these mere germinal shoots accompany the
most matured and far-reaching principles, like a child
being led by its manly sire. Again I find all these
conditions of thought associated in one paragraph
like the members of a household; the main trunk and so much as breaks the crust. He has an infinite com-mand of Germo-metaphysico jargon, but covers up in-stead of laying bare; his words flatten out like paste, and never go skin deep. Mystics must be judged by a different standard; they are not expected to be definite and concise; in that case they would cease to be mysand concise; is that case they would cease to be mys-tics. They are good in their place and of their kind. We all, occasionally, like twilight and reverie; that intermediate state, where all form and color, and ob-jects of the broad day, lose their outline and definiteness, and seem to hang suspended between the real and the imaginary. The mystic walks in a kind of border-land, and gives us a truth, not attainable from any

and, and gives as a train, and other stand-point.

Ruskin says, all great drawing is distinct drawing; and yet, in the same degree that it is distinct, it suggests somewhat indistinct. The same is true of books. They must be plain and yet obscure; a contradiction that is explained and reconciled by considering that the highest attainment in the known, involves the most advanced perception of the unknown.

wall us in and narrow our horizon, but lift us up and give us a purchase on the limitations that cramp us. It must have bold points and unmistakable features; and yet it must not be a sharp angular ridge, thrown

thousand-eyed, thousand-hued; unrolling and inter-preting alike the great and the little, the high and the

ACADEMY OF DESIGN - THIRTY.

IV. reak. Our Architects are very earnestly at work, but for lack of communication with the public mind, their powers and preferences are very little known.

Mould (75, 84, 94, 113) has the merit of invention and originality. His composition is massy and bold. With his employment of color we do not altogether sympathies. When fine in itself, as it often is, it seems trifling in relation to his subject, is rather an pression, and the entire work is often strong rather in effect than in feeling. It is impressive rather from di-mension than proportion and harmony, lacks repose and the consc ess of easy strength. and freedom from convention is a great refre Our Church architecture especially, is in general nothing but skilful adaptation, an endiess contrivance of variations on Old Hundred.

No. 90, a house front, is quiet, elegant, and effective. The Architecture of the dwelling is much more in rtant than that of the church. The church of the

No. 13 of the Catalogue (misnumbered in the Galin character. A house without eves, without shadow, is like a face without eyebrows, has no expression of shelter or comfort. There is nothing to break the cleak monotony. A scant verandah does not gener-ously connect the interior with Nature.

Other houses are more home-like without novelty of bleak mo

The ! New American Villa., 147, is Yankee Doodle

in pine boards.

Boughton (380) gives us a simple but effective little landscape, which should not escape notice. The dreariness of the scene and season, with its freshn iting of Winter-are well suggested pectation—the waiting of winter—are well sug In No. 304 there is hardly sufficient incident to

that the picture is 'good-what there is of it. But compare the little head with that of Joh (449). See also No. 18, 'Knitting,' by Saintin, w

The heads of Rowse are refined, and subtle rather of the Infinite Spirit of the universe, a part of God: but just the moment he becomes man, just the moment he emerges from all Being into any particular type of being; or, in other words, just the moment he is spoken, he ceases to be Infinite and becomes consistent but in the head of Carlyle Mr. Rowse will find his power put to severest proof. The dreamy breadth of Tennyson may lie quite within the scope of his sympathy; but Samilinavian Thor should hew out a portrait of Carlyle, with thunder-hammer, from a mountain of Plutonic row, interpreter, they are necessarily obscure and unsatisfactory. To confine water with water, to grasp air with air, to jump down your own throat, and to make mind interpret itself, are among the many impossibilities to which we are subject.

Humboldt was unquestionably a great man and a great philosopher, yet to me, his Camos is the most unsatisfying of books. There are no salient points, no prominent reliefs to loop the mind on, no central principle brought out in vivid colors and unmistakable outline; but all is shadowy, uncertain, and intensely wearying, like the magnificent proportions of the Alps seen through fog. Bayard Taylor, his consistent but yellous the moment he becomes conditioned. He moment the becomes consistent but go the prominent reliefs to loop the mind on, no central principle from his work.

English literary champion as rough, wilful, humorous, scornful, tender, proud, and reverent, as we know him from his work.

English literary champion as rough, wilful, humorous, scornful, tender, proud, and reverent, as we know him from his work.

English literary champion as rough, wilful, humorous, accornful, tender, proud, and reverent, as we know him from his work.

English literary champion as rough, wilful, humorous, accornful, tender, proud, and reverent, as we know him from his work.

English literary champion, and reverent appears with Washington (373), or the Covenanter (508): the beginning and end of our historical i

eloquent panegyrist, speaks of the work as a fragment; remains, because they stay an event, a scene; while, and we can but regard it as a pioneer-attempt, which, unless it is followed up by able expositions, and its various hints taken up and followed out by minds of equal grasp, will be of little real service to the world.

Marshalls and Sparks and Irvings have been able to divine. No. 373 will scarce explain the crossing of the Delaware. No. 608 throws little light on the event of Marston Moor. Of Washington we have no right representation in letters, marble, or paint. Stuart and Houdon show the repose of his age and honer, not the fire of enterprise and determination, which made him acknowledged master of all the mighty men, in his

Through all our Art there is softness and tenderness rather than rude energy. It is lady-like and elegant Palmer's Moses is gentlemanly and self-complacent, is Mr. Palmer in masquerade. Brackett's John Brown is Roston and Exeter Hall, rather than Ossawattamic somewhere in Northern range, that it never reached or Gideon. In Barry's Whittier, we seem to see more the ground, but was shivered into spray and disape of the poet and Quaker than of the man. The crayon drawings of Longfellow are all weaker than his photo-graph.—have far less than that of manly history written in the face. Crawford's Beethoven is a piece of sentiment, not of determination, is Schiller, not Beethoven, in feeling. Powers extinguished Weister, and Hicks froze Kane. Brown's heads in bronze of Clinton (set on a clumsy bashy) and Washington, have gen uine virility. Page renders in portrait what is immediately before him, with Dutch fidelity, not only to exterior but vital traits, yet he does not overlook the moment, or reach the ultimate manhood of his subtrait in which he appeared as a half-hatched aestheti chicken, a doppel ganger for the hour, a caricatus-ever since. We have admirable female heads by All ston, Cheney, Sully, Gray, Huntington, Rowse, but no masculine heads to match them. Elliott has insuffi cient metaphysic power, with great material force

Scheussler, of Philadelphia, gives token of ability to meet a hero on equal ground. His Washington at Valley Forge (see the engraving at Goupil's) is not by any means a piece of prettines

We forgot the Academy. A critic is very liable to do injustice to works which fail of effect, as if by a hair's breadth or through a single fault, while their merit in particulars is unquestionable. Such work is that of Shattuck (504), fine in composition, strongly painted in many, almost in all parts, with pretty, scattering effects, as of the fresh light coming through the more distant foreground on the right. The work lacks only impressiveness, unity of feeling. It does not kindle or appeal to imagination, does not carry most advanced perception of the unknown.

A book must suggest as well as define. It must not It has many beauties, rather than one sufficient beauty. and may provoke more sympathy from other minds.

with refinement both of color and form, while all repuse and sentiment are, as it were, knocked out of the picture by a staring moon, which thrusts itself into the very foreground, and insists on being accepted for the and yet it must not be a sinary angular leage, though any power and sentiment are, as it were, knocked out of the up out of chaos. It must have a background where things are mellowed, and plastic to the imagination.

and which is the condition and ultimate cause of the well-defined foreground.

On the whole the best book is most like the day:

On the whole the best book is most like the day:

preting allike the great and the little, the high and the low, the sublime and the mean; open, limitless, ending here, beginning there, sealing and unsealing; revealing and obscuring; giving to every object a bright, est point, line, or side, and bringing out its form and character; full of perspective, of realities and possibilities, of outdooks and inlooks; and, above all, stealing away on every hand into the deep mysterious night from whence it came, and leaving a wide margin in the leaving a wide margin in the leaving and possibilities, of outdooks and inlooks; and, above all, stealing away on every hand into the deep mysterious night from whence it came, and leaving a wide margin in the leaving a wide margin in this class of pictures we spend time and patience alto get this class of pictures we spend time and patience alto get the disproportional to their total value, in the circumstance of their insufficiency. It seems that the contain, while we express with firmness a sense of their insufficiency. It seems that the contain while we express with firmness a sense of their insufficiency. It seems to take the point of the possible of the production of the producti So Bierstadt spends great power in vain; and over And why should it has be self with another the for reverie and imaginings.

J. Branorum.

19 Intuition, timori, and sommon, we hardly receive the anothing for reverie and imaginings.

J. Branorum.

19 Intuition, timori, and sommon, we hardly receive the are not so lifted, we care nothing for you suppose there is a material object anywhere so remote in this universe that it could not be seen if set

Neserk, N. J.

19 Intuition, timori, and sommon, we hardly receive the are not so lifted, we care nothing for the spilled and wasted excellence. Therefore the artist must be stronger in the whole than in the parts, for by the total im: ion he is to co to surprise sympathy, and convert the cold-blooded in quisitor to a lover. Shall we say that Shattuck, and Mignet, and Bierstadt, with all their merit, fail to make us blind to their defects

## A . Jowel ' not found in the British Crown

Change of Name.

A correspondent suggests that, in view of recent vents, the name of Jons Burn should be changed to

JOHN BULLY. Mill-enium

The Age of Prize Fights. Contents of . Momus Progrand 'Com.

Fair Play

Bad Look-out for the Country.

The Hon Calan Crouse, in his closing address to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, said that he regarded it "as having in its destiny not only the per "manence of the Democratic party, but the question also, whether these great United States should con

## New Object of Charity and Correction

Dr. Cheever's 'Church of the Puritans' having failed to receive sufficient eleemosynary assistance from the English philanthropists to whom it appealed, w beg to propose that it be placed hereafter under the of 'The Board of Public Charities and Cor-

Wanted for the Directors of the Bellevue Hospital A cat (with nine tails).

The proprietors of the New York SATURDAY PRIME hereby offer a reward of \$100,000 to any one who, within one year from date, will prove that Jonn Bull ever acted on the principle of 'Fair Play' in his relations either with individuals or with nations.

# The Mission of the Ledger.

To bring men and women of reputed genius to their

the Academy, when The Physican in Spile of Honoli might be played, with all the people who get sick when they are maked to set for the Fund benefit in the cast.

The town has been excessively dull in the amusement way, lately The Winter Garden does nothing but the Opera Mr. Wallack plays the old pieces for the entertainment of Peoria. Laura Keene is still doing a large amount of The College Bosen, for the profit of Mr. Boucicault. There is more lda Vernon and The Bronz Horn at Nibo's, while Hanlon will not break his neck, even to oblige the Chevalier de Gant Rouge. Strakosch is laying back for a spring, and the Academy Strakosch is laying back for a spring, and the Academy remains closed from Wednesday till Monday, pending the production of Rossin's Most in Egillo.

not be safe for the 'crickets' to analyze her. They bught be pulverized if they attempted such a liberty with the softer half of the Champion

Very much to the gratification of the Sunday papers. Mrs. Brougham has brought out 'the Nelson Sisters, daughters of the celebrated composer, whoever he was. I invested twenty-five cents in the Nelson stock, and attempted to worry through Alabata, which was as dull as a problem in Euclid. One of the sisters, Miss Caroline, is not bad looking, has a good deal of legs (and Caroline, is not bad looking, has a good deal of legs und don't mind showing them;, and of impudence quite as much. In a good theatre I should think, she would be a favorite. The other is a mild walking-lady. I think these "sisters" make a great error by running in couples. There is always one who is clever, and an-other who is comparatively stupid; the latter invari-ably neutralizes the effect which the other produces; that is pretty nearly the case with the Nelson sisters. Polly Marshall has come back to town, after having.

Polly Marshall has come back to town, after having aptivated New Orleans and several other small towns P M is looking as jolly as a sand-boy (I never saw e), and I hope soon to see her on the metropolitar

Awful Jefferson will commence his Summer season at Laura Keene's on the fourteenth of this blessed and most delightful month. Mrs. John Wood will be the

Mrs. Macready has been reading to the people at the Utica Lanatic Asylum, with the happiest effect. One person was saved from idiocy by hearing Mrs. M. Why won't she come here and read to the 'critic' of the set down as an artistic though not a marked pecuniary success.

the first order, and so I keep away from them. But my fine sensibilities and acute sympathics were worked upon in the case of Miss Lizzie Petit, who comes all the way from old Virginia, and writes for the Home Journal. Miss P. met with a severe accident; her clothes took fire while she was standing in front of a grate, and she was incapacitated from literary labor for many months. She had given several public readings in Virginia, which had been approved and pronounced quite the thing by Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, who it appears is considered as the supreme arbiter in literary and art matters, at Richmond. So little Petit concluded that Mowatt's endorsement was good anywhere, and she tried readings in the metropolis, giving the first at bedworth's Risons last Thursday, to a large and somebedworth's Rioms last Thursday, to a large and some-what fastibious audience. The lady is young and what they call interesting. She declaims very fairly, and is as good as the average of 'readers,' but that is not good enough. To stand upon a bare platform, dressed in the everlasting white muslin, with the eternal nosegay in the corsage, the unfailing bouquet, and the sympathetic glass of water on the table, and bring be-fore an audience more or less study such creations as fore an audience more or less stupid, such creations as the siry Bestree, or the witty Beselick, or delightful Resolute, or sapient Touchstone, requires not only a knowledge of the theatre, and of the actor's manner knowledge of the theatre, and of the actor's manner of producing effects, but a touch of genius here and there, such as Mrs Kemble would throw into a detached passage, and make the blood come into the old fogics faces as the ancient war-horse neighs at the sound of the trumpet. Here was Kemble's power. Here is the weakness of her imitators, and in that category I fear Pedt must be placed. At the same time it ways acknowledged as the best. The Elias Desbrosses abovementioned is best remembered by the street and best must be placed. At the same time it ways acknowledged as the best. The Elias Desbrosses abovementioned is best remembered by the street and the author and when she which bears his name. does not attempt to assume an artificial voice, reads pleasantly. 1, for one, do not believe in public readless they are more than good, but I think that temies and high schools ought to employ young ladies like Miss Petit for the special purpose of reading to the advanced pupils. It would do a great deal to-wards reforming the ridiculous and absurd style of elocution common in our schools.

The concluding concert of the Philharmonic for the not having the fear of Boston before their eyes, the Society had the supreme audacity to play the Ninth This matter ought to be attended to Where's Mr. Dwight !

A grand coup d'état by Maretsek on Monday Great rejoicings among the supporters of the indom-itable Max. Terrible distress of the Academy forces. able Max. Terrible distress of the Academy forces.

The Opera was La Juire, Halévy's Juire. The young and natural history, has just been issued by Messra. last September, and who he promised to bring out with real tubs, to say nothing of the armors made by Granger of Paris, who is under a solemn oath to work a September, and R. Ullman.

noted as a squire of dames), and after due preparation the curiosity of such of the public as were not 'moyNorth America,' by the Abbè Domenec, with a mag ing,' was gratified.

women in awful-looking boniets, large quantities of Israel, much Teuton, and the Youngest and Loveliest, booking of course more magnificent, eff., etc. [For conclusion of sentence apply to the O. M.]

It was a pretty heavy job, this sitting up with the Jewes. It was more than 'dix' heures before she walked off into her comfortable cauldron of oil, and had herself nicely boiled for the benefit of the Holy Catholic Church. It was twelve hours when the entertaining Eleasar informed the lively Cardinal, that longing Eleasar informed the lively Cardinal Longing Eleasar informed the Longing Eleasar ing Eleasar informed the lively Carunas, suffering Rachel was his own daughter, born when he suffering Rachel was his own daughter, born when he was mundane in his inclinations, and before he sported to bring out two volumes of the Eden Lodge Papers.

The correspondence to be published, extends from 1783

choses l'aris as the place to produce his operas, because he gets more money by so doing.

Strakosch is laying back for a spring, and the Academy temains closed from Wednesday till Monday, pending the production of Rossin's Most in Egillo.

They have had the Benicia Girl over in the Bowery, but, in the present state of the public mind, it would to the for the "crickets" to analyze her. They have the after the "crickets" to analyze her. They

nest delightful month. Mrs. John wood and control of the first star. A. J. has a very good company for the style of plays which he purposes to produce, and will lich villanous at any price; that the first part of the undoubtedly satisfy the public that he can keep an Falbri and Stigelli were very fine; little Berkel pret-ty fair; Quinto very good - for the money; and Wein-lich villanous at any price; that the first part of the third, the whole of the fourth, and part of the fifth acts are good—the balance dreary; that the mise en seene, without being perfectly good, is creditable, and

P. S. More at the Academy, on Monday; Patti, Brignoli & Co., run with the machine, which is to be painted 'all over new.' Won't that be nice? D.

# Literary Notes.

- The Historical Magazine for May, gives some interesting reminiscences of the colonial warfare with the Indians in this country during the latter part of the eventeenth century. There are the usual notices of seventeenth century. There are the usual notices of the meetings and proceedings of various Historical So-cieties throughout the country. 'A Glimpac of Wash-ington Irving and Old New York,' informs us thas Ir-ving, with his friends, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Hugh Mc-Lean, George Bond, John Hunter, George Cummings, and Elias Desbrosses, formed the first Literary Society in New York.' They used to meet in a back garret in Bond street shout, five thours below Wall street, and which bears his name

- Dr. James Walker, the retiring President of Harvard College, has just received a gift of \$12,000 from gentlemen of Boston. President Felton will be inaugurated on the 28th of the present month.

- Mr. George Augustus Sala has collected togethe his contributions to Household Words, and published them in a volume with the title 'Looking at Life: or, Thoughts and Things.

- Mr. Tupper, author of Proverbial Philosophy has just issued a book of verse entitled 'Three Hun-dred Sonnets.' Think of three hundred Sonnets by - Rev. Dr. Ingraham's new work- The Throne of

David, or the Rebellion of Prince Absalom'—is pub-lished this week by the Messrs. Evans of Philadelphia and New York. -- The first volume of Smith's Dictionary of the

The geography of the American continent continues to interest explorers and readers in Europe. Notwithstanding all the announcements, however, the Joseph did not get a chance in Fourteenth street, so she came down to the Winter Garden and threw herself upon the gallantry of Maretick and Le Chauve, both ladies men.

No time was lost in presenting her to Anschutz (also and Sakkitchewan Exploring Expedition), by Henry J. Hind, "M.A., with colored maps and plates: and 'Sever Years' residence on the Great Deserts of 'Sever Years' residence on the Great Des and sixty illustration

en in awful-looking bonnets, large quantities of - A distinguished ship-builder in South Boston ha

Dyamatic feuilleton.

Paits Divers.

Mr. Spencer Wall or Cone has written a tragely, in they acts, pentameter verse, with which the distinct which is a construction of the control of the

- A note from Lord Wharncliffe on Lady Mary Montagu contains welcome information

he gets more money by so doing.

These are some of the reasons why operas like the Jereso cannot be thoroughly well done here, and why they would not pay if they were.

The critics may thunder as much as they please about the grand finale of the first act, the undoubted musical beauties of the third, and the splendid tenor air in the fourth, but they are all only musical effects for the connoiseur. They do not arouse the public of the three processes in the stories to the detriment of her reputation which are in circulation, will be proved to be without foundation. I hope the new edition may contain some Torousta, or Regoleto. Verdi has the Rey of the popular interest to the public. Yours, &c., hitherto unpublished correspondence interest to the public. Yours, &c.,

By the way, how does C. B. get over the awkward fact that his divinity, Franz List, has alwolutely and heretically made an arrangement of the Towdore airs for the pianoforte! C. B. B. will be a maniac. Perhaps, if we don't bring Mrs. Macready down to read to him, an idiot!

To return, however, to our Jecco. I presume I need not tell you the very entertaining story about how Eleaner, the worst kind of a Jew, has a daughter Ruchel, who is of course the permu down, and how, contrary to the usual rule, she falls in love with the second tenor, the fascinating Onint: how he beguiles her from virtue's added to the Society during the year, besides a valuable collection of maps, pamphlets, and statistics. The sumption is rare in countries of nignaturous, it is cir-rious that in tropical countries the proportion of deaths is often too small to be calculated. In all Judes, in forty-three years, only 29 died of consumption. The theory that the sea air may prevent, as well as cursuccess.

In all of which I quite agree, which settles the matarmy, out of 14,690 men, 51 died of consumption; while In all of which I quite agree, which actiles the matter (to my satisfaction at any rate).

The season at the W. G. closes next week. I see by the papers that the "Manager takes the pleasure to 'announce' that to-day is the only time when La Juire can be heard at a Matine. Operatic crinolines will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Dersonne.

Dersonne.

The greatest was among tailors being four times that of the lawyers. The mortality among tailors and shoemakers; next came blacksmiths, gardeners, bakers, butchers, and lawyers. The mortality among tailors being four times that of the lawyers. The greatest mortality by consumption among males is said to be in the city. There is greater liability to otion between the twentieth and thirtieth year consumption between the twentieth and thirderly years of age than at any other period of life. The general conclusion was that humidity of the atmosphere is favorable, and dryness unfavorable to the generation of the disease, but moist salt water is not calculated for its development. Want of exercise and air, tend to its development. Want or exercise and arr, tend to produce it; lack of light does not. It is more prevalent among females than among males. There are no reasons for the conclusion that the disease is either or the increase or decrease.

Dr. Millard courteously responded to a number of it terrogations from the members. The thanks of th Society were returned for the Paper, and a copy re-quested for the archives of the Society.

The annual election for officers of the Society had in

the meantime been proceeding with considerable spiri A strong opposition ticket was run, headed by Prof Morse, the nominee of the Committee, who was defeat ed by about four votes. The old officers were mainly ticket was run, headed by Proj

tary, John Jay; Dom Marshall Lefferts ; Librarian, Chas. Welford ; Treasure

THE FRENCH MUSE ON THE PRIZE-FIGHT

The great conflict of Heenan and Sayers has pro extraordinary results in various quarters, but in non has its influence been so astoniahing as in the office our French contemporary, the Courrier des Easts Unit That excellent journal has, in fact, been impired it such a height that its feelings could only find a rhyth mical expression; and, accordingly, two charming lyrics, which it modestly disguises under the form of pretended translations from the English, in its Thu-day's impression, felicitously set forth its admirati of Benicia's favorite Son. We have in vain endeav ed to reproduce these poems in our own ruder verna lar; but in order that, at least those of our read who understand French may be able to a them, we extract the following description of letic Heenan as he appeared before the battle :

Les deux poings posés en avant, Les reins serrés dans sa ceinture, Rotenant l'haleine, il attend, Immobile dans sa cambrure. . . . On dirait un profil d'airain, Un vieux médaillon de porti Que Lebreton, de son burin, Ressuscita d'après l'antique.

Our Gallic poet, like Homer of old, is Our Gains poer, and a second of the soul. He represents the Battered Boy of Benkin, after the fight, singing at the feet of his beloved Adah such dulcet strains as these:

—Adah, je ne puis plus te voir, Contempler tes aimables charmes ; Mais dans mes yeux au beurre noir, Mire les tiens remplis de larmes. . Près de toi, je vivrai sur terre, A l'abri de tout nouveau choc . En attendant, pour moi, va faire Une emplatre d'opodeldoch!

It is almost needless to my that this a makes Heenan yow to renounce pugilism, and chimself henceforth to the culture of the dones fections. Let us hope that this humans, thou ive prophecy, may be happily and per id.—Tribus.

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Washington, March 14, 1860.

conform in Orthography to

Washington, March 14, 1800.

I have long been familiar with Worcester's Dictionary, and have been highly gratified at the appearance of the new and beautiful edition of this valuable work. Its vast vecabulary, the skill of its arrangement, accuracy of orthography, precision of definitions, particularly of technical and scientific terms, its general completenese, and its freedom from political or sectarian bias, render it, in my estimation, the most perfect and authoritative expository of the English language. It gives me pleasure to state that it is the standard authority for the public printing.

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Missers. Swan, Brewer, and Tileston.

Curne's Office, U. S. House of Representatives, March 15, 1880. Worcester's Quarto Dictionary is the standard work of reference in this office, and the system of orthography therein repeated in that adopted in the official records and documents of the House of Representatives of the United States.

J. W. FORNEY,

Cierk of House of Representatives, U. S.

OPPICK CONUMBROOMAL GLOBE, March 19, 1860.

Dear Sir. The Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Wercester seems to exceed all others in the fulness of the vocabulary, in precusion and compendiousness of definition, and in the extreme nicety of discrimination shown in the treatment of synonymous terms. In or thography it unquestionably represents the prevaiting usage of the standard writers both of this country and of England, while, by an ingenious and simple method of notation, and by the respelling of words, when necessary, the proper producciation is undicated. No general dictionary has so complete a vocabulary and so exact and antifactory definitions of terms of art and actence. Such being my opinion of its merits, it gives me pleasure to inform you that with the commencement of a new volume of the Cangrassional Globe, the system of orthography represented in Worcestor's Dictionary will take the place of that herestofore used in the publication of the Debates of Congress.

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OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE SERATE, U. S., March 26, 1860. The production of this work has laid a claim to the admiration and gratitude of this work has laid a claim to the admiration and gratitude of the American people, which those who have been engaged in laborison researches and application of the mind to literary pursuits can best appreciate, and its successful accomplishment in the form which it bears, is a victory deserving of fame more to be estimated than that which springs from the most successful results of war, this being founded upon human destruction and misery, and that fixing a standard by which the ideas of two of the great nations of the world may be expressed and compared, conclisting and advenue, their people down to future ages, their bistrature, history, and all their inventions and improvements in the arts and sisences.

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Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to inform you that the committee to admit and control the contingent expanses of the Senate, have manifested their appreciation of Worcester's Quarto Detromary, by directing that the Benate Chamber, and all the committee and office rooms of the Benate De furnished with that work. I am highly gratified at this additional testimonal of the merita of a book, that in my judgment is decidedly the best work of the kind in the English hangare.

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For The New York Saturday Press MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK. BY ALICE GILL

Twis May, and people, crab-like, sought to change Their earthly shells, but not because, like crabs, They had outgrown the whole of last year's crust: Them shrink into more healthy size and shape, and others changed, but knew not why they change

In cities, where men barter all for gold. Love's woodbine never creeps about the sides Of home, nor into chamber-window peeps. A welcome there to meet from those who lo To twine with grace her tendrils round the porch. intil, grown forward by their smil Her meshes over all the frame, and binds The owner's heart amid her bloom

In vain Do men paint frescoes on the wall, of trees, And rocks, and gushing streams; they ca A bird to leave hi. leafy home, and light Upon a golden perch to sing to them I know not if I slept, but this I know. I dreamt the sun, mistaking me for dew Drew up my form into a misty cloud Below me lay the city, where were men.
Like polypi in lime, who censeless toiled
To beautify their homes, which looked to me.
Not half so fair, as do the coral recis
By wavy ocean lovingly embraced.

Twas May, but yet it did not seem to be, Nor did I wish, in gentle shower, to fall Upon that restless and unhappy mass of toiling men. No thirsty tulips held Their streaked drinking-cups to catch my rain. No daisy wished to bathe her lovely face, No pinks sent up their fragrant breathing prayers To was my touch. With anxious looks, men heaped The drays with all their worldly household stuff And plodded on through all that moving crowd. With jostle, on the way, they often lost Full half their wealth, and sometimes half their care Then, as the day wore on, they ran into Each other's homes, as children ofttimes do. When at the game of 'fooly, fooly come, They play.

But those were changes made by those who warm With life, and hope, and strivings after gain Could give direction, by their will, how high Or low they'd have their bodies rest at night. A lattle knot of crape, both black and white, Blo vn by the thoughtless wind, did sadly tell That May had found, for one, without a will, A home for which base envy would not strive. They brought the body forth, but O, how small! And as the long procession moved on, I heard them say . 'twas but a little child. And then they talked of beef and pork, of deeds And bonds, and mortgages.

Slowly winding like A worm, they crawled along the narrow streets, And sometimes, too, as though a gardener's spade left them in twain, they parted to let pass A lumbering barrow, or a gaudy coach aided by the wind, did follow near, And nearer, ever nearer, sadder grew Until unto a little green they cam Where one poor sickly willow, gently bent, And fresh-turned earth did plainly mark the spot, The little dark, and lonely, resting-place Of baby-innocence. There fell my tears In bounteous showers, and there, when May come

The golden-crowned dandelions bloom, all o'er, To mark that little home.

### THE EXCOMMUNICATION. BY MRS. BARRIET BEBOHER STOWN

\*\* Rose, Terespay Everyon, March 29th.
Mr. T., calling in an hour or two since, said, "Well, suppose you know the Excommunication is up at

"Yes," he answered, "several persons have seen it. I saw, but could not get near enough to read it.

Immediately we drove to St. Peter's, it being now Immediately we drove to St. Peter's, it being now time for vespers. As we entered the grand old court, the effect of the mingling of coatumes and forms in the evening sunlight was picturesque and dreamy. A train of various religieuses came filing down the ample steps, the foremost of whom were all shrouded in deep blue, with the exception of eye-holes. They bore aloft a black cross, and walked chanting. Behind was a long train of sisters in black robes, with white valls, also chanting. A procession of College students in also chanting. A procession of College students, in scarlet robes, with black caps, was passing inward as they came outward—while monks, cardina's, officers, women, and children, were scattered in group

all over the steps.

At the door we saw two great printed sheets posted on the pillars, each side, so bedged in by men reading that it was difficult to get a sight at either. A portly, well-to-de Cardinal stood nearest, reading with an ex-pression of pleased satisfaction. A very handsome strippling priest was turning his large, dark, tremulous eyes upward in the same direction, with a face of boyish curiosity, while we made a note how exactly antiques in the Lateran Museum. Behind him was a tat Dominican in his white robes, and by his side a tat Dominican in his white robes, and by his side a straggy, long-necked Capuchin, with his coarse brown woollen frock, little black skull-cap, and deep-set, eager black eyes, and various priests in their great black shovel-hats, all intent on the document before them, not a word spoken, but evidently pressing upo each other in their eagerness to devour every word. A similar group was gathered round the other pillars, oce of reading was so small that we presses

by into the church. There was a rosy obscurity within as the twilight found its way down the long, splendid aisles, where were sweeping every variety and form of costume that from the bright regimentals of the office to the rags of the poorest beggar. The lamps around the shrine of St. Peter glimmered like a swarm of golden blossoms of the sky wreathed around a From the side chapel of the Holy Sacrament we could see also the great candles lighting the wings of gilded angels, while the weird, strange voices of the Pope's choir were rising and falling in bursts of fitful music. There is something in these falsetto volces ghostly and unnatural-sometimes startling you wit a strange sweetness, which like certain perfumes, has a bewildering intensity that suggests something morbid. They sound more like the wallings of departed spirits than the healthy, natural songs of earthly prayer or praise:—but heard at twilight, while the lights, the costumes, the shadowy effects of the architec on you, their effect is in the highest degree striking

It is one of those enchantments by which this gre Sybil finds her way to the nervous fibres and creates a sensuous bewilderment which may be mistaken for de

in knots, whispering, walking up and down the aisles or kneeling in long ranks before the shrine of the gold

en lamps.

One fair Italian coquette was kneeding, with bewitch
ment in her languid eyes, which looked up seductive every now and then, and not far from her a ragge beggar, equal occupant of the splendid marble floor The row of scarlet-robed students stretched off like it band of vermillion among black-robed priests who were kneeling among them—citimens, women, officers, all were kneeling silently, while their lips moved as if

bore the vesper chant from the side chapel over their

I saw a tall, imposing figure, in black robes, sur inded by a knot of ecclesiastics, talking earnestly As I drew near I naw among them a beautiful little boy, with perfect features, and large dark eyes, dressed in priest's robes, to whom the elder appeared to be addressing earnest counsels. The buy looked not work than ten or eleven years of age. One sighs to think that even before he could choose for himself he is to lay aside all hope of a real, manly life, to become like those other priests, to whom seem alike forbidden the

Yesterday evening was spent in service at the hou of a distinguished Italian, where we met many of the most distinguished Liberals. The Excommunication was the common topic of conversation. Many had seen, but few had read it. I saw only one who had seen, but few had read it. I saw only one who must be really got near enough to ascertain its contents. It is a long document of three closely-printed columns, written in ecclesiastical Latin, mentioning no names, but pronouncing the Major Excommunication on all who have indeed abetted or been accessory to the reninds one of the Ingoldsby Legends :

Ob turpasame! Vir requisame, Sculeratisame issume quissume. But still, as no names are mentioned, the curse is My Dear Sir But still, as no names are mentoned, the curse is any pearsor merely set up in market for anybody to take whom it suits, and as one gentleman remarked, 'In default of news here in Rome, the Excommunication will be beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America.

8. THALEERO. talked of but in Sardinia and Tuscany people will carcely give it a thought.

scarcely give it a thought.

A gentleman who was in the Sardinian legation some years since, said that an excommunication in precisely the same form was launched at Victor Emmanuel some years ago, when he disbanded the monasteries and convents that had no benevolent purpose connected with them. The King paid no attention to it, and assisted the monasteries are at a grand mass directly afterward, as it is thought he will now. It is understood on all hands that General will now. 'It is understood on all hands that General Lamoriciere is to take the command of the Papal troops.
Thus the Pope is falling more and more into the arms

of France, much as he hates her. General Lamoricière is of liberal and republican principles, and the Liberals hail his accession as a good Such is the 'on dit de salon' at present. An Italian gentleman last evening told me that being at St. Peter's vesterday at about 3 o'clock, he saw a n and made their orisons at the various shrines, for mean make their orisons at the various strines, for the Pope in his troubles. On inquiry he found that they had been solicited to do so by written invita-tions, to which they were requested to return written affirmative or negative. This, he said, will be vanited in foreign papers as a demonstration from the young men of Borne.

men of Rome.

Joserve, posted in various places, à document headed 'sacred Invitation,' in which all the faithful are invited to sympathize with their dear Mother Church, who is in bitterness and sorrow, through the wiles and divices of enemies. The faithful are therefore invited to a Tridon - a pecular service of prayer—to extend through three days, and to be holden in different churches on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. This accounts for the particular crowding of various orders of people to St. Peter's at this time.

SUA CULPA.

She sighed: He would not hear her sigh! Up from the sun-disc, veined with gold Cloud-scymitars, in blades of blood, Like Fates flared o'er the ebbing flood Flared out : and all the day was told !

She wept: He would not hear her weep! The River still ebbed toward the sea: And drunk with the treacherous anodynes Of the odorous Summer jessamin His soul still slumbered fatally.

She prayed: He would not hear her prayer ! The Night-wind swept in flery breaths Like fever-flushes, through his sleep: There was no dew - though she did weep-Fell on his spirit : not even Death's!

She left him! . . . . Then, his soul awoke! The storm came hurtling through the Night The augry River rushed roaring back, Bearing strange Wrecks upon its track

Strange? Ay! For one . . was swathed in white CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

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FATAL LOSS OF THER. In vain did 'Sayers' seconds' cry out 'Time.'
Nayers was deaf: 'Give me this fight—'tis mine.'
The fight is mine,' cried Heenan, with a frown
And in two seconds knocked both seconds down
Heneforth our days must sensibly decline:
Hernan has knocked two seconds out of time.

THE OPENING OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN FASCY SKETCHES.
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PUBILISMS FROM 'VANITY FAIR.' Pugilists fight in a 'ring,' and each of the combat-ants has his 'corner.' How is this? Has it been re-served for the P. R. to solve the problem of squaring the circle?

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I remain yours truly UUSTAV SATTER.

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